THE PACIFIC

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MY OWN.

I do not own an inch of land,
But all I see is mine—
The orchard and the mowing-fields,
The lawns and gardens fine.
The winds my tax collectors are,
They bring me tithes divine—
Wild scents and subtle essences,
A tribute rare and free;
And, more magnificent than all,
My window keeps for me
A glimpse of blue immensity—
A little strip of sea.

Here sit I, as a little child;
The threshold of God's door
Is that clear band of chrysoprase:
Now the vast temple floor,
The blinding glory of the dome
I bow my head before;
The universe, O God, is home,
In height or depth to me;
Yet here upon thy footstool green
Content am I to be,
Glad when is opened to my need
Some sea-like glimpse of thee.

—Lucy Larcom.

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W. W. FERRIER ..... Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

THE INAUGURATION OF DR. AKED'S MINISTRY IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The auditorium of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco was not sufficient for the people who flocked to hear the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Aked's initial sermon last Sunday morning. All available space was taxed to the utmost and hundreds were turned away.

The greeting thus given him by Californians was supplemented by cablegrams and telegrams of good wishes from Liverpool and London and New York; and in the flood of sunshine in San Francisco that Easter day, there began a ministry from which hearts all around the world are hoping and praying there will come a great moral and spiritual uplift to our Pacific Coast civilization.

The text for the opening sermon of this pastorate, which it is hoped will make the Old First Church a greater power for good on these shores than ever before, was especially appropriate: "Let them that love Him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might. (Judges 5:31.)

In his introductory remarks Dr. Aked said that the need for an inspired and inspiring ministry in San Francisco and the vast opportunities opening out before the Church of God in this empire of the West had been put before him by one of the official leaders of the church in terms so impressive and awe-inspiring that he would not dare to undertake the work if he had to depend upon a subtle brain or a dominating will or on eloquence of speech. However, the message from the unseen source of supply is: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

With face toward the future of these Pacific shores, the destiny of which he is henceforth to help to shape and to share, Dr. Aked dismissed his past ministry in Liverpool and in New York with few words, saying that the future beckoned and that he had come on invitation of the church to join with its members and workers in the brave and consecrated effort which they had it in their hearts to make to win this empire of the west for Christ. They would not live, he said, to see here all the results of their toil; but some day, above the stars of God, it would be theirs to look down on this wonder-world and see all its life and institutions saturated with and controlled by the spirit of God. And all this because men and women have caught the inspiration of that ancient prayer: "Let them that love him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might."

No one could listen to Dr. Aked last Sunday morning and fail to be impressed with the thought that he holds a lofty conception of the Church of Christ. "Religion," he said, "is the inspiration of philanthropy; faith is the largest manufacturer of good works. The well-spring of all human activities that make for a noble humanity is the Church of God." And the gospel that he proclaims is "a gospel of social service, the gospel of the golden rule and the sermon on the mount—one whose supreme expression is Calvary and the Cross." Through this we are "to claim the world of politics as Christ's world, cleanse political life of its self-seeking, its practical atheism and corruptions, and change our human society into a kingdom of God."

In the course of his sermon Dr. Aked said: "I cannot do my work well without the sustaining strength of strong men and the inspiring love of good women." And his plea was for human companionship and comradeship and affection, and the help in every way of all good men and women.

It is to be hoped that all strong men of San Francisco, who are not identified with other churches, will rally to the support of Dr. Aked and the Old First Church in the desire and attempt to build up in the down-town section of the city one of the strongest centers of Christian influence known on the North American continent.

Glorious things would come to the city by the Golden Gate if the men of the city were to give heed to the words of the preacher:

"Whether there be wealth or vastness of territorial possession or the might of numbers or the pride of pomp and power that build themselves not upon the rock of ages, they shall cease. But the Church of God, comforting sad hearts, cheering the down-cast, casting out devils, preaching glad tidings to the feeblest of earth's children, is glorious as the sun in the unimaginable splendors of a fadeless noon."

Not less than 2,800 persons listened to Dr. Jowett's first sermon as pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York. A prominent New York minister says: "I regard the coming of Dr. Jowett as the greatest thing that has happened for the advancement of religion in America in a generation." In a "farewell" in England to Dr. Jowett the Rev. Silvester Horne spoke of him as "the greatest of all our living preachers." Dr. J. D. Jones spoke of New York as a marvelous city, the clearing house of the world and was of opinion that the voice of the preacher on Fifth avenue would go into all lands and his words and influence to the very ends of the earth. When about to leave England Dr. Jowett remarked: "A man at my time of life does not take a step like this unless he feels that he is doing his duty. If I had refused this call I think I should never have been happy in my work again. I have been a good deal in the limelight lately, and I shall be glad to get back to my quiet ministry." He continued: "I realize that I owe everything to Congregationalism. I was born in it, cradled in it, received my first inspiration in it, and found my first hero in it (Dr. Enoch Mellor), and I am not likely to forsake it. I am going forward with the one intention and privilege of preaching the evangelical truth on which our church was founded, hoping and praying that I may help the enrichment and consolidation of the churches on both sides of the water."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

It is thought that the convention of the National Education Association will bring not less than 50,000 visitors to San Francisco.

A New York City Presbyterian Church sold its site recently on West 42d street for $1,100,000. A sixteen story business structure will be built thereon.

Automobile pulpits will be used in New York City this summer. Out-door evangelistic meetings will be held and the speakers will address the audiences from automobiles.

The movement for the closing of the postoffice is meeting with favor all over the country. In Chicago closing has been ordered. It is in effect or soon will be in all the cities on San Francisco bay.

A New Haven news item in the New York Post says: "It has not yet been determined whether the Rev. Charles R. Brown, just elected head of the Yale Divinity School, will take the title of dean or that of director."

A Methodist layman who married a Presbyterian woman styles himself "a red-hot unionist"—a church unionist. That kind of inter-marriages is calculated to hasten the coming of the heavenly kingdom. It is to be hoped there will be more of them.

The California Christian Advocate says that to Pacific Theological Seminary is due the thanks of the whole coast for the Roosevelt lectures. The Advocate regards Roosevelt's Berkeley addresses as "national and international sermons for the common people."

The new house of worship of the Euclid Avenue Presbyterian Church of Cleveland, Ohio, cost $300,000. A parish house cost $100,000 additional. The location is near the Woman's College of Western Reserve University. The old site, which was occupied from 1853 until a few years ago, was near the heart of the city and was sold for $300,000.

The Young Women's Christian Association of the United States of America is holding its third biennial convention this week in Indianapolis. The Association has a membership of something like 225,000 and is one of our most beneficent institutions. Among the speakers at the convention this year are Dr. Grenfell of Labrador, President King of Oberlin College, Bishop Hughes and Robert E. Speer.

"It has become an unquestioned fact," says a writer in the New York Observer, "that the live, crisp, religious newspaper is an essential factor in the religious life of every home. The religious weekly should have first place in the selected list of periodicals because we are more capable of appreciating all others that are worthy when our religious nature is being developed and trained properly. We learn how the material and tangible interests of business and professional life may become avenues of opportunitp to Christian growth and progress, as well as to financial success and professional skill."

Readers of The Pacific, generally, know of Mrs. Eva Emery Dye of Oregon City, Oregon, the author of "McLoughlin and Old Oregon" and "McDonald of Oregon," two of the popular historical novels of recent years. Mrs. Dye is preparing another book. It will have to do with the Hawaiian Isuands—relating to the career of a woman whose life was spent in Oregon and Hawaii. Recently, while in Honolulu she was asked by a newspaper representative, "Why did the Hawaiian Islands appeal to you as the scene of your story?" The reply was: "Because there are such enormous possibilities. 'When searching the records of Oregon for material out of which the story of McLoughlin was evolved I could not help noticing how the Hawaiian Islands continually crossed and recrossed my path. And it was just the same when I wrote the story of McDonald. Everywhere evidences of the early relationship between the two places. Oregon was so far away from civilization in the early days that all supplies came from Hawaii. All the ships which reached Oregon came via Honolulu, and there were even then vessels running direct between the Islands and Oregon. Why, one of the first white women to set foot in Oregon City came from these very islands.' "

Dr. Francis E. Clarke of the Christian Endeavor Society, having stated not long ago that the last time he was in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, he partook of the communion at the invitation of Mr. Spurgeon, a paper in this country called "The Baptist Union says: "If the head of the Christian Endeavor movement proposes now to place his personal approval upon the irregularities in the administration of the Lord's Supper practised by our English and Australian brethren, it is time the Baptists on this side of the water took account of the fact." To this the Christian Endeavor World says: "Dr. Clark simply accepted Mr. Spurgeon's invitation as he would accept the invitation of any other pastor that practised open communion. He neved boasted of it or alluded to it until the touching associations of the room where the ministers' meeting was held brought the matter to his mind, and then in a single sentence. He has never 'placed his personal approval on any irregularities in the administration of the Lord's Supper. He has never 'taken special pleasure in the open-communion attitude of Spurgeon's church.' He has nevere by word or pen alluded in any other than the most respectful way to the opinions of his honored bretaren in the Baptist Church. He has never countenanced a union communion service at Endeavor conventions, feeling that this sacrament belongs altogether to the church and not to an agency of the church." On all this the Methodist Protestant comments as follows: "We do not see that there is speecial virtue in not taking special pleasure in the open-communion attitude of Spurgeon's church. We think most broad-minded Christians in the Baptist Church, not to mention other Protestant communions, will take pleasure in it. To attempt to depreciate Christian Endeavor because Dr. Clark accepted this invitation and mentioned it to friends is to exhibit a narrowness with which it is impossible to affiliate. The fact is that such an attitude would render it impossible to receive Christ himself. We can heartily respect the Baptist who believes that immersion is the right form of Baptism, but when he uses the mode of administering an ordinance to develop a bigotry as extreme and uncompromising as this incident indicates, then he affirms what is not written and pronounces what is not Christian."

The Lord to thee a blessing give
Long in His presence may'st thou live;
His face upon thee ever shine.
And thou wilt share His grace divine.
Peace He will give thee, never fear,
And thou wilt feel His presence near.
Num. 6:24-25-26. —Helen Bacon.

"THE POETIC NEW WORLD."

Miss Lucy H. Humphrey of New York City has given to the public an attractive book with the title, "The Poetic New World." It is a compilation of American poetry. The aim is to give by descriptive and historic poems an impression of all parts of our country, and thus make a book of value not only to the traveler, but to all patriots as well.

Considerable space is given to the West. Under Washington we find a stanza concerning Mount Rainier—

"Long hours we toiled through the solemn wood
Beneath moss-banners stretched from tree to tree;
At last, upon a barren hill we stood
And, lo, above loomed Majesty."

One stanza in a poem on Santa Barbara runs—

"The sunlit mountains o'er her shed
The splendor of their purple tinge;
While round her like a mantle spread
The blue seas with their silver fringe."

Among the California poems is Ina Coolbrith's "The Mariposa Lily"—

"Insect or blossom? Fragile, fairy thing,
Poised upon slender tip, and quivering
To flight; a flower of the fields of air;
A jeweled moth; a butterfly, with rare
And tender tints upon his downy wing,
A moment resting in our happy sight;
A flower held captive by a thread so slight,
Its petal-wings of broidered gossamer
Are, light as the wind, with every wind astir,—
Wafting sweet odor, faint and exquisite,
O dainty nursling of the field and sky,
What fairer thing looks up to heaven's blue
And drinks the noon-tide sun, the dawning's dew?
Thou winged bloom! thou blossom-butterfly!"

The poem entitled "As I Came Down Mount Tamalpais," by Clarence Urmy, is one of the selections in this volume.

Turning to New York City we find the poem on "Broadway," from which we quote:

Of its great bulk and wandering soul."
"Between these frowning granite steeps
The human river onward sweeps;
And here it moves with torrent force,
And there it slacks its heady course:
But what controls its variant flow
A keener wit than mine must show,
Who cast myself upon the tide,
And with its current, merging, glide,—
A drop, an atom, of the whole
Of its great bulk and wandering soul."

Among the many poems relating to New England we select a stanza from "My Lost Youth" by Longfellow:

"Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still:
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'"

Among the poems relating to the South which touch our fancy is Sidney Lanier's "Tampa Robins":

"The robin laughed in the orange-tree:
'Ho, windy North, a fig for thee:
While breasts are red and wings are bold
And green trees wave us globes of gold,
Time's scythe shall reap but bliss for me—
Sunlight, song, and the orange tree."

The compiler of this delightful volume is a sister of Mrs. E. L. Walz of San Francisco. A few years ago she compiled a similar book entitled, "The Poetic Old World," which has had large sale. We predict wide-spread and lasting popularity for both of these volumes. Travelers are not the only persons who desire them and will continue to desire them, but many others who take pleasure in connecting places here and there the world over with the gems of literature.

Sir Edwin Arnold is reported to have said concerning "The Mariposa Lily" that it was one of the most perfect sonnets he had ever read and that if he ever got as far west as the Rocky Mountains he would seek out and meet the writer of it.

Miss Humphrey has shown fine taste in her selections; and the publishers, Henry Holt & Co., have sent them forth in a volume delightful to the eye.

A GREAT SCIENTIST ON "THE CHRISTIAN CONCEPTION OF GOD."

In a recent paper read at the meeting of the National Free Church Council at Portsmouth, England, Sir Oliver Lodge said:

No matter how complex and transcendentally vast the reality must be, the Christian conception of God is human'y simple. It appeals to the man in the street; it appeals to the unlettered and ignorant; it appeals to "babes."

That is the way with the greatest things. The sun is the center of the solar system, a glorious object full of mystery and unknown forces, but the sunshine is a friendly and homely thing which shines in at a cottage window, touches common objects with radiance and conduces to comfort—yes, conduces to the comfort of a cat.

The sunshine is not the sun, but it is the human and terrestrial aspect of the sun, it is that which matters in daily life. It is independent of study and discovery; it is given us by direct experience, and for ordinary life it suffices.

Thus would I represent the Christian conception of God. Christ is the human and practical and workaday aspect. Christ is the sunshine—that fraction of transcendental Cosmic Deity which suffices for the earth. Jesus of Nazareth is plainly a terrestrial heritage. His advent is the glory, His reception the shame, of the human race.

God ever is nearer to the plain man than to the philosopher, the scientist or the statician. Life is a becoming, a progress. Evolution is reality. True and not imaginary progress is possible. Effort is not a sham. Existence is a real adventure. There was a real risk about Creation. The grant of choice and free will involved a risk. Thenceforward things could go wrong.

As Professor William James has said, a football team desire to get the ball to a certain spot, but that is not all they desire. They wish to do it under certain conditions, and to overcome certain difficulties. Else they might get

up in the night and put it there. So also good is the end and aim of the Divine Being, but not without conditions, not by compulsion. Something higher than mere machinery is sought—the creation of free creatures who, so far as they go, can go right because they will to do so, and not because they must. But the power of evil may here and there get the upper hand. Surely the risk is nearly over as regards this planet. Let us see to it that it is. It rests largely with us. We are asked to help, and we have the power to help. We are a part of the agencies for good or evil. Our help is asked for, and it is really wanted.

Once grasp that idea, and what power it confers! Never again can things feel small or insignificant. We are of use. Every great man throughout history has felt himself to be an engine of the Lord. It is no easy service to which we are called. There must be no sluggishness; every power must be exerted, and we must continually guard against the contingencies of failure, and for this help may be asked for and it will be forthcoming. After millions of years of labor a human race has been produced. Surely in good time there will be such a magnificent development of human energy and power and joy as will more than compensate for all the pain and suffering and blood and tears which have gone to prepare the way!

The struggle is a real one, and the effort is not confined to humanity alone. God has a share in it. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have ever-lasting life." That is the Christian conception—of One who takes trouble upon Himself for their own good, who suffers when things go wrong, who grieves over the miseries and wrong-doings and sins and cruelties of the creatures whom He has endowed with free will, and who actually took flesh and dwelt among us to lead us out of the slough in which we had fallen.

It is a great and simple idea. It has been hidden from the wise and prudent and has been revealed to babes. Do not be discouraged by simplicity. Real things are simple. Do not imagine that existence hereafter will be something so wholly remote and different as to be unimagined by us; but let us learn by the testimony of experience, our own and that of others, that those who have been still are, that they care for us and help us as they are practising and learning and working, and proving that there are grades of existence stretching upward and upward, and that God Himself through His agents and messengers is continually striving and working and planning so as to bring this creation of His through its preparatory labor and pain and lead it on to an existence higher and better than anything we have ever known.

NOTES ON JAPAN.

Chas. R. Brown.

VI. The Feeling of the Japanese Toward Us.

Through the courtesy of some of our Federal Officials and Mr. Matsuzo Nagai, the obliging Japanese Consul at San Francisco, I was furnished with numerous letters which enabled me to meet many men—business men, journalists, educators, public officials, whom otherwise I should not have seen. I found that most of them spoke English and where this was not the case an interpreter was always at hand. In this way, as well as in contact with Americans resident there, as officials or in business, or in missionary or educational work, I was able to gather what seemed a fairly reliable impression as to the attitude of the Japanese toward the United States.

It was an impression totally unlike that given to the people by the Congressman from Alabama, Mr. Richard Hobson, who goes about screaming in hysterical fashion, "War with Japan is inevitable." Mr. Hobson is an earnest young man and because of his brave deed at Santiago and his unusual facility in popular address, he commands a considerable hearing. But as a man competent to diagnose an international situation or to indicate with anything of a statesmanlike insight the policy to be pursued, he is the saddest sort of failure.

It might readily be admitted that the Japanese one meets do not always tell the truth as to the real attitude of their country toward the United States—it would be too much to expect that they should all be George Washingtons of veracity. But they make so clear that their own interest lies in cultivating and maintaining friendly relations with us that their utterances receive strong endorsement from the situation in which they find themselves. The six main reasons why the Japanese are bent upon peace with the United States which I heard cited were these:

1. Japan has no friends to lose especially in that part of the world where she must live her life. Russia is an open enemy. China is anything but a friend. The only other powerful nation which could be called a neighbor is the United States. The Japanese are grateful for the historic friendship shown her by us, and have no wish to surrender it.

2. The generation now upon the scene in Japan and controlling her action have two wars within their vivid recollection. Here the generation which remembers our Civil War has largely passed from the scene. The fathers and mothers who remember the long boxes sent home, the news of the killing, the wounding, the invaliding of their own flesh and blood at the front, the stress and horror of those dread days in 1861-5—this generation has largely gone to its reward. We have no war as a fact of common consciousness in the mind of the generation now active, for the brush with Spain was never more than a toy war. But the Japanese are filled with the sense of what the war with China and the still more terrible war with Russia, when their resources and endurance were strained almost to the breaking point, meant to them as a people. They are not eager to repat the experience.

3. They have now a huge war debt. The taxes in Japan—and in order to meet the demands of their budget they are availing themselves of almost every kind of tax known to economic science—run from thirty per cent of the income in the case of the less fortunate to forty per cent with the well-to-do. If taxes here should approach any such figures, there would be such a cry of "confiscation" as would rend the heavens. The Japanese are not anxious to increase this load by another war. And if they were, they would find it impossible, with their national credit already so loaded, to borrow money in the markets of the world to wage an impossible or at best a very uncertain struggle against a nation with resources like our own. The shrewd bankers of the world in the face of such a situation would not buy their bonds. Their financiers know this well.

4. More than one-fifth of all the commerce of Japan is with the United States. Does she want to quarrel with the best customer she has and shut off that profitable trade? If a butcher is selling steaks and chops, legs of lamb and roasts of beef every day in the year to some good customer, is he usually eager to beat that customer over the head with a musket and drive his trade elsewhere? The business men of the world recognizing the economic issues involved smile when they hear the echoes of one of Mr. Hobson's stirring addresses.

5. Japan has enough to do in building the railroads, the bridges, the sewers, the public buildings, the schools, which her developing life makes immediately imperative, without undertaking another war. And a war with us wou d not be a struggle with inexperienced and inert China, not a contest with Russia herself on the verge of revolution because of the discontent of her people, but a fight for life with a country mighty, united, prosperous and intelligent, with a resolution firm as steel. It would mean an outlay of anything from a thousand millions of dollars up, which Japan does not possess and could not borrow.

6. Japan has enough to do at home without crossing the Pacific. If Japan were engaged in a life and death struggle with a powerful nation like the United States, every merchant vessel pressed into service to transport troops and every battleship here on the Pacific Coast to prevent our navy from sinking them before the men could be landed, how long would Russia stand upon the order of retaking what she lost in the late war? Russia has never been a nation to stand by, hat in hand, saying, "After you." The moment Japan's fighting strength was on this side of the Pacific, where some alarmists are now seeing it in those nightmares which disturb their rest, Russia would calmly retake Port Arthur and then Korea, and if the mood was upon her, no one can say how much more. The statesmen in Japan see all this, as clearly as we do, and above all else they wish peace with this country.

In these informal notes I have not dwelt upon the cherry blossoms and the iris, upon the satsuma and cloisonne, upon the beauty of their women, or upon the fine artistic sense they show in dress and decorations, upon the beauties of Nikko and of Miyajima. It will not be supposed that I am ignorant of these maters of interest or indifferent to them. We traveled in daylight all the way from Nikko to Nagasaki, visiting all the principal points of interest in that stretch of territory which covers the best part of the flowery kingdom, and every day was delightful and rewarding. But by picture and by story these attractive aspects of Japanese travel have been made familiar to our people and I have made a few notes which may possibly add to the interest we may feel and the good will we should ever cherish toward our nearest neighbor on the west.

A BODY-AND-SOUL SERMON.

W. N. BURR.

"The Parson" was tired. He was beginning to realize that something besides his salary was likely to be giving out some day. His mind, too, was a bit distraught. Down in his heart of hearts he gave assent to the teaching that "a life so ordered as to be in harmony with the Infinite Power is free from care because continually conscious of the fact that the higher powers are doing the guiding and it is relieved of responsibility;" but—. Had he been writing that "but" he would not have placed it upon paper in capital letters, or underscored it for italics or "blackface." He would have made a light thing of it—but! He could not quite have left it out that day. Something about his mental machinery was out of gear, or was needing a drop of oil.

"I suppose a clergyman never has such experiences," he said to himself. "They are served out only to parsons. How I wish I might be a clergyman for a week or two."

Then he felt ashamed of himself. And then he gathered up his wavering powers and told them to behave themselves. He lifted a prayer for help. And then he went to his pulpit.

When the order of service had reached the sermon point he arose and looked straight into the faces of his people and said:

"Over in China just now a famine is raging in certain districts. The unfortunate people there are reduced to a most pitiable condition. Starvation stares them in the face, and many die. And the nations that have plenty are coming to the rescue. With most commendable largeheartedness and humaneness people are sending relief to these plague-stricken Chinese, though none too lavishly, and perhaps in some cases very tardily.

"Now, the effort to feed those hungry people, to do something for them until they shall be able to care for themselves, is most commendable. God bless every relief effort that is being made to keep those poor people from starving to death.

"But, friends, those same people have had a deeper need for years and years and years, and some of us who have plenty in the way of supplies for that need have been sitting back and saying, 'We don't believe in sending any of these supplies to foreigners. We've got all we can do to attend to our own needs here at home.

"Is the body more than the soul? We send flour to foreigners when they are starving, but we say we dont believe in sending the Bread of Life to them. Are we not making a wrong estimate of values?

"Jesus Christ, the Bread of Life, born in the city of David, a **Saviour,** whose birth was proclaimed as glad tidings, which shall be to **all** people, is needed by starving souls in China and in India, and in Africa, and in the islands of the sea; and if this famine-stricken condition does not appeal to us as much as, and more than the pinched and starved bodies of these people, then have we caught the spirit of our Master? then are we not wretched and miserable and poor and famine-stricken ourselves—and don't know it? The soul is more than the body. Soul-needs run deeper than do body-needs. And if that sounds in our ears only as a jingle of religious sentiment are we not poor Christians? We have money and we have flour here in America, and we ought to have hearts and hands ready to share it with those who are suffering for it. We also have money and the Bread of Life here in America, that spiritually famine-stricken China needs, and needs a thousand times more than it needs food, much as that is needed; for the spiritual need is the deeper need. Save the bodies of those poor people and they are saved for only a fw years, at most. But it is our blessed faith that the soul lives on after the body has done its work and gone to its grave. And yet, and yet, how readily we spring to the relief of the bodies of starving Chinamen, and how easy it seems to be for some of us to be saying that they do not believe in sending supplies for their never-dying souls. And we call ourselves Christians. And a Christian is one who professes to be a follower of Jesus Christ, to be trying to catch His spirit and do as He would do. Do you suppose the Master would be sending flour to feed the starving bodies of plague-stricken Chinamen, and at the same time hold back the supplies their starving souls are needing? That would not be like Him, would it? He would be doing both, but under the pressure of the mighty conviction that of the two the sending of soul-supplies is the more important. We cannot rally all our forces under the banner of mere humanitarianism and rightfully call ourselves Christian. For 'Christian' means 'like Christ.' And Christ was more than humanitarian in his sympathies and activities. In His estimate of values the soul of things always ranked higher than the body of things. And when He was born one day

in the city of David a Saviour, He came to stand for the saving of that which, according to His estimate, is of the greater importance. It was never in His mind to save the bodies of men and leave their souls for Satan to look after. But is not that what we are doing when we send flour to China and corn to India, and at the same time refuse to send to those people the gospel of Jesus Christ, who is the Bread of Life? We are not Christian, like Christ, until we are ready and eager to do both, according to our ability.

"And may I call your thought to the inconsistency in saying that we must convert all the heathen at home before we attempt to do anything for those on foreign soil? If that reasoning is worth anything why should we not be keeping all our flour and other supplies at home for the feeding of all the poor, hungry, poverty-stricken people in America before we send any of it to China or India to feed the starving people in the famine districts there? According to the reasoning of a great many people concerning foreign mission work, not one dollar's worth of supplies for famine-stricken, plague-stricken China ought to be sent out of this country until every man, woman and child in America has first been well provided for—every unemployed man, every poverty-stricken woman, every hungry child. That day has not come yet. There are hungry people in America today—why not provide them with flour before sending it by the shipload to China for the relief of the suffering there?

"Behold, I bring you good tidings, which shall be to all people, announced the angel when the world's Saviour was born. Catch the spirit of that Saviour. Learn to estimate values as He estimated them. Give the body its place, and build it up strong and beautiful as possible that it may do its work and do it well; but do not neglect to give the never-dying soul its higher place. Be intensely humanitarian in your sympathies, but do not neglect the higher grade of service, which is spiritual. Don't trim your soul interests down to a system of body-saving. Jesus came a Saviour, that He might save His people from their sins. Take Him as soul-Saviour primarily, and as body-Saviour secondarily. For the soul is more than the body."

"Seems to me the Parson is getting a little narrow and Puritanical lately," remarked Lawyer Smith, as he walked homeward after the service with a group of his neighbors.

"He don't seem to be quite so fresh and up-to-date as he was a few years ago—guess he's getting old," rejoined Deacon Everett.

"The trouble with him is, he can't seem to get away from the Same Old Thing. The world is catching a vision of the Master's second command in these days, but the parsons are not much in line for new visions." This from Jim Stewart, in whose Bible glowed but one passage.

"The man seemed tired this morning. That may account for the commonness of his sermon," remarked Mrs. Gerald Mason, charitably.

"Tired! What should make a man tired who has nothing to do from Sunday to Sunday but sit in an easy chair and read books," growled Tim Fenton. Tim's cakes were all flavored with bitter herbs. He seemed hardly to know the taste of sweet reasonableness.

"Well, now," put in Father Darby, "wasn't the Parson about right? Somehow, all the time he was preaching I seemed to be hearing another Voice saying over and over again, 'Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?' Now, as the body is more than raiment, isn't the soul more than the body?"

"That's straight goods, Father Darby." That from Lloyd James, a virile young business man, who had caught the fire of the Gideons, and was a leading spirit in the effort to supply the hotels with Bibles. "The Parson talked business this morning, right from the shoulder." And Lloyd was off across the street to join a group of boys in their teens.

"Good sermon the Parson gave us this morning, wasn't it, boys?" he said, cheerily.

"You bet!" responded Earl King. Earl was the youngest in the group, and overflowing with boy-life.

"Well, I understand it better now than I did once," said Clarence Brown. Clarence was the "thoughtful boy" of the town. "You see, our Minister, as we boys call him, has been giving us some body talks at our Boys' Club meetings, and he thinks we ought to do all we can to keep the body in good condition for the sake of things that are most worth while. He says the body is like a machine, not worth so much for what it is as for what you can do with it. It is a tool to be used, and must be kept in good condition, or something that needs to be well done won't be done so well, if at all. Dull tools are not much good. Still, tools do wear out after a while, and so does the body. It's the thing the tools are worked on that lasts. Our Minister has been working pretty hard for us boys lately, and with all the rest he has to do I guess he gets tired sometimes. But he's doing us an awful lot of good. And I guess I can see something of what he means when he talks about the soul being worth more than the body."

La Canada, California.

AN UPLIFTING SOCIAL CENTER.

What a Secular Paper Says About It.

Last December "The California Weekly," now the Pacific Outlook, had a fine article on Green Street Church, San Francisco, written by one of the editorial staff. It was a worthy recognition of a great work which cannot be too much before the people. We give here a portion of the article in order that readers of The Pacific may have their memories refreshed as to the work that is going on at Green Street and be reminded that there is always a chance to lend a hand there in one way and another. The work at Green Street must not be forgotten. It must not be allowed to languish and suffer.

"Out in the North Beach district, where the French and Mexican 'quarters' touch and merge into the Italian quarter, in the midst of the swarming gray frame buildings stands a building of red brick, offering a striking contrast to the rest in color, solidity and lofty impressiveness. It is a bit of New England dropped down into westernmost California, and in the heart of California's Old World settlement at that. It is a bit of Congregational Puritanism set down in the midst of Romantic Catholicism. It is the Green Street Congregational Church.

"But it is a great deal more than that which the name church implies. The churchly spire conceals a roof playground. The churchly vestibule opens into passages that lead to gymnasium and shower baths. The churchly auditorium, with its pulpit and organ loft, open upon occasion into rooms where chess is played or where sewing machines whirr in the sewing classes. It is a church where you may ray or box, sing hymns or ragtime ballads, read the Bible or the latest novels, hear a sermon or a concert. And it is a church open all day of every day, and the evenings as well. It is a church, a social settlement, a civic center and a recreation place, in one. The social activities receive the hearty endorsement of the Associated Charities of

San Francisco and have the commendation of the Sage Foundation.

"The pastor has an odd name but a very earnest purpose. His ambition is to make the church truly of the people, touching their lives hourly, informally, intimately, sanctifying the everyday activities with the higher ideals of Christianity, making religion an actual force in every hour of the day.

"Naturally, such a conception of ministry is at the opposite pole from the formal or the conventional. Rev. E. L. Walz—he would rather have the Reverend left off—lives in the church, to begin with. He thus practices his own precept, makes the church, for himself, the center of a daily routine of life, brings into his own experience the constant suggestion of higher things. At the church he is constantly at the call of those who wish to see him: his cal ers are mainly those who are in trouble—men out of work, parents solicitous for their wayward child, the sick, the despairing. All receive sympathetic attention and practical aid. In the last four years, Mr. Walz has lent much money to men and women to whom these small loans meant the turning-point in life: some they released from the loan sharks; some they tided over the illness of the breadwinner; some they rescued from the despair of desperate necessity; some even from the brink of suicide. And the surprising and heartening fact is that not only have the loans been met with genuine thanks but the borrowers have paid or are paying them back. One man, his wife ill and he out of work and in the grip of the loan sharks, borrowed fifty dollars, which he is now paying back at the rate of fifty cents a week.

But Mr. Walz does not merely sit in his church and wait for the opportunities for service to knock at his door. A large part of the day he spends in searching for these opportunities. He and his helpers have made, sometimes once a year and sometimes twice, a house-to-house canvass of the North Beach district, inquiring for cases of illness, of indigence, or of other forms of distress that they could help re'ieve.

"Not at all that the function of his church is primarily philanthropic. Rather the reverse. That function is preventive rather than curative. What he wishes to do is to supply so much of recreation and wholesome exercise to the youth especially that they will find the church a more entertaining place than the questionable resorts with which the neighborhood abounds. If the young people find the excitement and amusement they crave here in the midst of refining and uplifting surroundings, they will be kept away from the sordid and glittering attractions of the dance halls and from the unguarded freedom of the streets.

"This is the explanation of the varied equipment of the church building. Young peop'e cannot be attracted solely by hymns and prayers. But they can be attracted by a gymnasium equipped with $700 worth of apparatus and with hot and cold shower baths, where they are freely welcome and where a capable instructor discloses to them unsuspected possibilities for pleasure in the exercise of the musc'es in drills and boxing and the expert use of swings and bars and mats. Children to whom often-repeated Sunday-school lessons wou'd be a bore, find delight in the open roof garden, where they can play or dance or slide to their hearts' content. Men whom daily sermons would weary are glad of a place to play chess, in comfortable quarters, far preferable to the noise and vulgarity of the bar-room.

"That these things have a refining influence, wielded so unobtrusively that it is scarce'y noticed, is illustrated by one little incident. Mr. Walz had made no objection to the boys smoking cigarettes in certain parts of the building—he was content to leave them to their own habits so long as he could kee them from worse things. But one day he quietly asked them to think it over: they could keep on or quit as they saw fit, but he wanted them to decide, on their own initiative. Without hesitation they announced that they would 'cut it out' around the church, and without further ado they did so and have maintained the rule of their own will.

"That is the spirit of the place. It is a democracy. It is literally these people s own church. They regard the pastor as their friend and equal. He has preached to them, prayed with them, lent them books, joined in their social relaxations, and boxed with their best athletes. He is simply the keeper of the house: otherwise he is one of themselves. He has never atempted to proselyte. The devout Catholic who worships in no church but that presided over by the priest, is made to feel as free to accept the other hospitalities of the Green Street church as a regular member of the congregation. The results desired are prevention of sociological evils and the application of a workaday religious influence to human lives. Creeds, or even acceptance of any formal generalization about Christianity, are not considered. There are other churches enough for that kind of work.

"The history of the Green Street church is interesting. In one building or another, the congregation has used the present site for fifty years. Seven years ago, Mr. Wa'z, who had done settlement work in New York City, took charge, and altered the character of the church's mission from that of a conventional house of worship to that of an institutional church. Three years later the fire swept the church edifice away and disorganized its work. Mr. Walz and his wife made three trips to the east to secure funds, collecting there two-thirds of a necessary $40,000. The present church was built especially to accommodate the kind of classes and social activities he wanted, and the work of organization was resumed. Today, the church reaches from 300 to 1,000 people a week in one or another of its varied activities.

"The congregation is as interesting as the church. North Beach has always been noted for its sturdy Americanism as well as for its cosmopolitanism. Many old families of native stock have clung to the district from early days, and have preserved the native traditions intact. This element is represented in the congregation of the Green Street church. In fact, nearly every state in the Union is represented. Of foreign countries, those so diverse as Finland and Armenia have natives in attendance. There are also Germans, French, Mexicans, and, of course, many Italians. The Italians, by the way, when one remove from their fatherland, are distinguishable from the native-born Americans in very few ways. They are assimilated quickly and almost completely into the life about them.

"The work of the church is now at a point where it could be greatly widened in its activities and influence if the means were available, means either in the sense of voluntary helpers or of money. For example, classes in Eiglish for foreigners using any of several languages would at once attract to the church, and bring under its influence, large groups of people whose interests it does not yet reach. More teachers of physical culture could be used. Here are opportunities for people who speak other languages or who are good all-round athletes to be of genuine service in their spare hours.

"The rewards are nothing at all in money but large in human returns. Mr. Walz, for instance, has repeatedly had men whom he has befriended return after many days

to remind him of their gratitude and to tell him that his interest had meant to them a new lease on a life of usefulness at an hour of utter darkness, some even literally a new lease on life at the brink of self-destruction. And he still receives letters from boys whom he rescued from the life of the streets and saloons, telling him of their steady progress in paths of usefulness and honor. These are the rewards of his labor, and, as Mr. Walz says, 'it is worth while.'

"Mr. Walz is not alone in his work. He is assisted by two men and their wives, men attached in an official way to the Congregational Church but who devote their spare time, out of sheer love of the work, to the development of the social influence of the institution. And the superintendent of the building, a plumber by trade, whom Mr. Walz secured when he was newly arrived in this country and down on his luck, has caught the spirit of the place so that, after he has attended to all the details of caring for the building, he goes out and makes neighborhood calls such as Mr. Walz makes, with a fine enthusiasm for the extension of the church's influence. This man's wife, too, is the organist for the church.

"Altogether, there is something very fine and inspiring about the place. Conspicuous by their absence are things that might suggest mere pose. Conspicuous by their presence are quietness and sincerity and earnestness. Religion here becomes not merely a mystery but a friend, an agency of light. It is not forced upon an unwilling and unreceptive community, but its persuasive virtues are exhibited in their most alluring guise—religion offered, not thrust forward. It is an effort to recommend a faith by its works of kindness, charity and gentleness. If the faith be not accepted, at least the works are done, and their effects remain."

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

She's got the right to handle a broom,
  And why does she want any more?
She may wash the dishes till day of doom,
  And why does she want any more?
She's got the right to cook and to scrub,
To play the piano, or rub-a-dub-dub
In a lowlier sphere, at the laundry tub—
  And why does she want any more?

She's got the right to teach and to sew,
  And why does she want any more?
(She's only two-thirds of a teacher, though,
  And she mustn't ask any more.)
She may rock the cradle and mend the hose,
And solace her mind with dreams of clothes,
Or else to the Woman's Page she goes—
  And how can she want any more?

She's got the right to a clerk's employ——
  And how can she ask any more?
To take the place of a younger boy—
  She mustn't ask any more.
The right to labor as hard as she can,
Wherever they cannot afford a man,
And to get her pay on the half-rate plan.
  She mustn't ask any more.

She's got the right to a soul—Oh, yes!
  And why does she want any more?
The right to be pious for two, I guess;
  Could any one ask any more?
  She may hear the brethren preach and pray,
She may serve the Lord in a quiet way,
With schemes for raising the parson's pay—
  And why does she want any more?

She's got the right to be taxed—or hung—
    And nobody can have more!
She isn't forbidden to use her tongue;
  And she never can want any more.
And she has her representative now,
A piece of a man—somewhere, somehow—
Mixed up in all the political row—
  And how can she want any more?

—Public Ledger.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Redwood.—Services on Easter Sunday were well attended. Four were received into membership at the communion service in the morning. The attendance at the Sabbath-school was 152, and in the evening the Redwood Choral Society rendered the cantata, "The King of Glory," and the pastor spoke briefly on the Resurrection. The evening audience was one of the largest ever seen in the churche.

Tulare.—Tulare reports the work of that church and surrounding field in good condition. Average Sunday- attendance, over one hundred. Finances look encouraging. Notwithstanding the recent completion of their fine parsonage building, and other improvements, there is no indebtedness, and bills are being paid when due. Congregations are good. A Sunday-school has been organized at Surprise School house, and also at the Oil Pumping station below Tipton. The pastor, Rev. R. B. Dunlap, ministers to these outlying regions, as well as to Tipton, in as far as time and opportunity permit. There is great need in this district for a county missionary who could look after these growing fields, and who would find many open doors of usefulness and future strength to Congregationalism, in this rapidly developing county. If some one who reads this item has a good organ to donate to a worthy cause and field, the pastor at Tulare would like to know about it, as he can put it to good use in one of these needy mission fields.

Alameda First.—Sunday was a joyful day—"the best Easter day in the history of this church," said one of the officers, at the close of the evening service. It began with an early prayer service by the young people at 7 a. m.; then Sunday-school at 9:50 a. m.—well attended and special Easter music. Then at 11 a. m. the morning service, beginning with a Processional of the Pansy Department and dedication of several children in baptism. Special Easter offering (amounting to $1,060.—) followed by an impressive sermon by the pastor on "The One Whom Death cannot hold." Reception of new members—six by letter and twelve on confession of faith, followed by communion, in which 250 took part. A vesper service at 5 o'clock, at which the quartet and choir rendered the Easter cantata by Julian Edwards, "The Lord of Light and Love," and at 7:30 came the Easter concert by the Sunday-school

and Junior choir of twenty voices, led by Mr. Eugene Roland in a Procession, "Jesus Christ is Risen Today," followed by songs and appropriate recitations by individual members of the Sunday-school. A short address by the pastor on "The Meeting on the Way to Emmaus." The Easter offering (to complete the amount desired, $1,500) in the evening was $440, making the exact sum asked for last Sabbath. Every seat in the house was taken and a few had to stand at both morning and evening services. W.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Instead of the regular meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity next Monday, there will be a union meeting at 10:30 to be addressed by foreign missionaries.

A union mass meeting in celebration of the Tercentenary of the English Bible will be held in the Y. M. C. A. building, San Francisco, next Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock. The address will be given by the Rev. William Rader; subject, "The Sheet Anchor of Our Liberties." The meeting is for men and women.

Under the caption of "Effective Work at Old South," "The Congregationalists" says that the Rev. C. R. Brown, during the time he was supplying there, not only faced large congregations on Sundays, but that every seat was filled at the Friday evening prayer-meetings, the people being desirous of hearing his addresses on the "History of the Christian Church."

The Rev. Dr. Jefferson, pastor of Broadway Tabernacle, New York, the historical church in New York Congregationalism, says in the April number of "Broadway Tabernacle Tidings," of the Rev. Dr. Aked: "One of the most noteworthy events of the last month in church circles in our city was the resignation of Dr. Charles F. Aked from the pastorate of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, and his withdrawal at the same time from the Baptist denomination by accepting a call to the pulpit of the First Congregational Church in San Francisco. Dr. Aked is a man of strong personality and is recognized everywhere as a forceful and inspiring preacher. He is awake to the problems of our time and expresses his convictions with refreshing directness and courage. He leaves New York because of his feeling that he was handicapped in his work by local conditions which could not be changed. He goes to a city in which conditions are ripe for the kind of work which Dr. Aked is peculiarly well fitted to perform. He will become at once the leading minister in San Francisco, and his strong words for righteousness will make themselves heard and felt along the entire Pacific Coast. We are not aware that Dr. Aked has changed any of his beliefs on coming into the Congregtional church. Like many another Baptist minister, he has probably never given to the form of baptism that exaggerated emphasis which Baptists of a certain school have given. To him, as to numerous Congregationalists, baptism by immersion has been the favorite and most impressive form, but he has not been willing to assert that immersion is the only valid form of baptism. In the free and generous atmosphere of our Congregational churches Dr. Aked will feel at home from the beginning, and we wish him high and continued prosperity in the church to which he has gone."

SONOMA ASSOCIATION.

The spring meeting will be with the Todd church on Wednesday, April 26. General theme, "The New Congregationalism."

The Rev. W. C. Day of Santa Rosa will speak on "Its Meaning to the Pastor." Mr. L. G. Scott of Sebastopol, on "Its Broader Horizon for the Laity." Rev. E. Chakurian of Kenwood, on "Its Stimulus to Missionary Activity."

At the evening session there will be an address by the Rev. G. F. Haerle of Santa Rosa on "The New Congregationalism as a Community Force."

Considerable time will be given to a general discussion of each of these topics for each of which leaders have been appointed.

ALBERT T. CRAGIN.

Albert T. Cragin, the last-surviving son of the Rev. C. C. Cragin, who is pastor now at Lincoln, and whose helpful ministry other California churches have enjoyed, passed into the higher life from his home near Campbell on April 14th, after a lingering illness, at the age of 26. He was born in Chicago in 1884.

The San Jose Mercury says concerning him: "He graduated at the Campbell High School, and took the first year at Stanford University, with civil engineering as his major study. But his health failed him, and after his mother's death he went to Colorado, and then to Redlands, Cal., seeking restoration, but became convinced that his best chance to recover was in orchard life at Campbell. He planned and helped to build the model bungalow, where he lived until he passed away, working intelligently, energetically and with a far-sighted originality in the development of the orchard. He wrote two articles for the Mercury on the thrips, and was writing for the magazines up to a few weeks of his death. He was sunny tempered, pure in speech and life, industrious, ambitious and unselfish to a marked degree, loving and being loved by a host of friends."

MRS. JAMES M. CAMPBELL.

After months of suffering, triumphed over in the patience of hope, Mrs. James M. Campbell, wife of the Rev. Dr. Campbell, entered into the rest eternal on the 14th of April, from their home at Sierra Madre.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

The fifteenth annual meeting of the West Willamette Association of Congregational Churches and Ministers was held with the Forest Grove Church, April 11 and 12. Rev. A. B. Snider was chosen Moderator and Principal Henry L. Bates, of Tualatin Academy, Scribe.

The general theme of the Association was "Congregationalism in the Life of Today."

The first meeting of the Association was on Tuesday evening, beginning with a praise service, and followed with the Associational sermon by Rev. E. T. Sherman, who has recently been called to the Corvallis Church.

Helpful features of the services on the second day were the devotional services at the beginning of each of the three sessions.

The topics discussed were as follows: Cardinal Factors in Religious Life, Rev. James Price; The Sacrifices and Privileges of the Rural Pastorate, Rev. H. G. Adams;

When May a Church Be Said to Have Succeeded? When to Have Failed? Mr. J. D. Mickle; Religious Financiering, Rev. J. M. Barber; The Appeal of Congregationalism to Men of Other Denominations, Prof. A. Ben Kori; The New Congregationalism, Principal H. L. Bates; The Up-to-Date Sunday-school, Rev. H. N. Smith, Superintendent of the C. S. S. & P. S.; The Pros and Cons of Amusements, Rev. Philip E. Bauer; Interest in Missions a Supreme Factor in Church Life, Rev A. B. Snider; Women's Present Opportunities, Mrs. Walter Hoge; Power and Efficiency of the Scriptures, Rev. W. D. Ferguson; Three Hundred Years of the King James Version of the Bible, President William N. Ferrin, of Pacific University.

The Communion Service followed, closing the afternoon session.

In the evening Rev. D. T. Thomas spoke of the Pacific Coast Congregational Congress, urging all to the fullest extent possible to so arrange their plans that the time from June 9th to 13th may be given to the Congress; and he was followed by Rev. George W. Hinman, who spoke for the work of the American Board, and the session closed with a stirring appeal by Rev. George E. Paddack, Superintendent of the C. H. M. S.

The churches of this Association were generally represented, and the conditions hopeful in all the fields. The attendance of the entertaining church was excellent, and the social hour most agreeable.

Mr. R. P. Snider, son of Rev. A. B. Snider, won the gold medal at the declamation contest at Forest Grove on April 7th His theme was an appeal for missionary effort.

Services appropriate to Easter Day were universal in all the churches of this city. The day was an ideal one and the attendance large everywhere, both morning and evening. At the First Congregational Church twenty-nine new members were received, eight on confession and the remainder by letter. The Cantata, "The Daughter of Jairus," was rendered at the evening services. Dr. Dyott's theme at the morning service was "The Power of an Endless Life' ; at the evening service, "Sorrow Turned to Joy."

Highland Church, Rev. E. S. Bollinger, pastor, received twenty-two new members at the morning service.

This church is peculiarly fortunate in having as its Musical Director Prof. Z. M. Parvin, who is not only a fine musician and vocalist, but a musical composer as well. The leading feature of the evening service was the production of the Cantata, "The King Triumphant," words by John Mason Neale, and music by Prof. Parvin.

This State is in mourning today because of the death of Hon. Frank W. Benson, Secretary of State, at Redlands, Cal., last Friday morning. Mr. Benson was born near Santa Clara county, Cal., March 20, 1858. His parents were Rev. Henry C. Benson ,D.D., and wife, pioneers of California, arriving there in 1852 The family came to Portland early in 1864, and Dr. Benson edited the Pacific Christian Advocate of this city for four years. In 1868 he removed to San Francisco and edited the California Christian Advocate for twelve or more years. While the family lived in Portland the subject of this sketch attended the public schools in this city. After removing to California Mr. Benson attended the public schools of Santa Clara for a time, and as soon as he was prepared entered the University of the Pacific, from which he was graduated in 1877, and later finished a post-graduate course in 1882. That year he returned to Oregon and began teaching school at Roseburg. This he followed for three years, after which he served as county school superintendent for four years. Then he served two years as president of Drain Normal School. After this he was appointed deputy county clerk, and then elected to that position in which he served four years. During this time he studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1898. In 1907 he was elected Secretary of State, and became Governor of Oregon on March 1, 1909. by reason of the election to the United States Senate of Governor George E. Chamberlain. He was elected Secretary of State for a second term last November, receiving the highest vote of any candidate on the Republican ticket. For nearly two years he has been in poor health, but it was not until recently that he was considered as being in a really serious condition. Mr. Benson was very popular among all who knew him because of the fine ability manifested in every official position he ever held and his uniform courtesy under all circumstances. In addition to a large number of friends he leaves a widow, two sons, three brothers and three sisters to mourn his loss.

Portland, April 16, 1911.

The Home.

A PRAYER FOR THE FAMILY.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

Lord, behold our family here assembled. We thank thee for the place in which we dwell, for the love that unites us, for the peace accorded us this day, for the hope with which we expect the morrow; for the health, the work, the food, and the bright skies that make our lives delightful; for our friends in all parts of earth. Purge out of every heart the lurking grudge. Give us grace and stength to forbear and to persevere. Offenders, give us the grace to accept and forgive offenders. Forgetful ourselves, help us to bear cheerfully the forgetfulness of others. Give us courage and faith and the quiet mind. Spare us to our friends, soften us to our enemies. Bless us, if it may be, in all our innocent endeavors. If it may not, give us strength to encounter that which is to come, that we be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath and in all changes of fortune, down to the gates of death, loyal and loving one to another. As the clay to the potter, as the windmill to the wind, as children of their sire, we beseech of thee this help and mercy for Christ's sake.

GETTING ON WITH PEOPLE.

"My youngest son has such a talent for getting along with everybody," said a New England mother of the most carefully conscientious type to a friend. "Sometimes it troubles me. He always takes people on the pleasant side, and says pleasant things to them, and it seems as if there must be some insincerity in it."

"Doesn't Tom really like all sorts of people?" asked the friend.

"O, yes. He can get along with persons the rest of us can't stand. He can manage tournaments at the Country Club, and not give offense—you know how hard that is! He gets his own way, too, when he is sure it is the best way. I like to see him with people, and yet it worries me now and then; for how can he be quite conscientious or sincere, and yet be so pleasant all the time?"

Her friend laughed. "I'm thankful that I wasn't born with the New England conscience. Tom's is a delightful nature. He calls out the best in others because he is pleas-

ant through and through. And all you can do is to worry about it! You ought to be proud and thankful instead. My dear Henrietta, isn't it just as sincere to say a pleasant thing when you feel pleasant as to be antagonistic when you feel irritated? Tom's kind of sincerity is the sort I admire and approve myself."

Yet there are many people who, like Tom's mother, distrust pleasantness. No matter how unaffected and continuous it is, they suspect it in their heart of hearts of being not quite true. But in fact it is the truest part of social life. It is what social intercourse needs most. It is the normal and true reason for any society at all. If man did not feel drawn toward his fellows there would be no human ties. The liking for others is what forms and underlies all human intercourse. The jars and frets and prejudices and dislikes are not the real thing. They are the breaks in the right relation. The great human commandment is to "love our neighbor."

Happy is the soul that easily establishes pleasant relations with everybody—happy and valuable. Unhappy is he who finds difficulty in genuinely pleasant intercourse with others. There is no possible virtue in being disagreeable to anybody, even when that anybody happens to be disagreeable, or even wicked himself. The command not to judge others belongs in this connection. It is our business to love and serve our fellows, not to disapprove of them with acerbity. Mrs. Fry and Mrs. Ballington Booth have shown the world in two different centuries that being pleasant and helpful even to the outcasts of society works a deeper and more wonderful change than the most severe treatment. In the earthly ministry of Christ, his unfailing sympathy and tenderness for all whom he met, from the tiniest child to the outcast Samaritan and the Roman soldier, Zaccheus and the Magdalen, taught a truth that few disciples have ever carried out. Only the Pharisees, who held aloof from men in self-righteousness and prejudice, were judged hopeless by the Son of Man. They were sincerely disagreeable. But who wants such sincerity as that?

There is no reason whatever why a kindly thing should not be said just as easily, naturally, and rightly as a sharp thing. The more conscientious a woman is, the more she should express the pleasant feelings which arise in her mind, and suppress the disagreeable judgments. The fear of insincerity simply means, in most cases, that she fears being thought insincere in saying a pleasant thing. It takes a little training of one's self to be able to say without embarrassment a word of admiration "to a person's face." It takes indeed much the same degree of moral courage as to tell a man face to face of his faults. But once done sincerely, it is easier next time; and it has the surprising effect in the end of enabling the pleasant speaker to mention faults and errors in a way which carries wonderful weight. "My father hated to say anything unpleasant or reproving to any of us," said one of a large family who all "turned out well," as the phrase goes, "and he loved to praise us." We understood that so well, from the time we could understand anything, that when father felt he ought to rebuke us, and did, it made us feel ashamed through and through. His reproofs were searching, too; he seemed to look right through us, and accepted no excuses. When I read about 'telling the truth in love' I always think of father, and how inspiring he was when we needed it."

Pleasantness is not weakness. It is easy for a weak nature to be pleasant when life goes smoothly. But the pleasant person who really counts is the one who is pleasant in a crisis as well as in relaxation, in discouragement and opposition as well as on the primrose path. A man recently in his golden wedding anniversary gave his wife the handsomest diamond brooch he could afford, and wrote on the box: "Because you have always been pleasant." A pleasantness which holds through fifty years of daily intercourse is a greater jewel than any diamond, as all who knew the recipient could testify. For the whole neighborhood loved her for that same quality, manifested under every condition of joy and sorrow, adversity and prosperity.

To be unfailingly pleasant means to find and understand the good in everybody. It is always there, somewhere, in some quantity. The seeker for it is not always successful, of course; nor is there by any means always enough to pay for the search. Pleasant people are often rebuffed, taken advantage of, cheated, betrayed, injured through their very trust in others. But why should any human being expect not to be, sometimes? On the other hand, who so well as the kind and good can call out the treasures of goodness and faithfulness which are latent in many hearts? "The blessed company of all faithful people," is only entered by those who love and trust and serve and have faith in mankind and womankind. And Stevenson's rule of the road thither is a sure one—that our duty is to make ourselves good and our neighbors happy—if we may. —Priscilla Leonard, in The Interior.

A FEW WORDS FROM MRS. GRIGGS.

"Mr. Griggs hired me to come here and clean up the yard," said the man at the back door, "so if you'll—"

"If my husband engaged you to clean up the yard, why in the world don't you clean up the yard?"" asked Mrs. Griggs impatiently. "He surely didn't offer to pay you for coming to the door and boring me with your absurd remarks. I declare, I don't understand you workingmen. My husband is always hiring men to do something or other, and instead of doing what they are engaged to do, they try to carry on a series of Dolly dialogues with me, just as though I had nothing to do but stand at the door and talk about foolish things with perfect strangers.

"I happened to mention yesterday morning that the parlor rug should be beaten befor long, and Mr. Griggs went down town and engaged a prize-fighter, or a man who looked like one, and he came out here at 8 o'clock and talked about a man named Gotch until the noon whistles were blowing, offering to bet a box of cigars against my rhinestone hatpin that Gotch can beat a man named Mahmout, or Haroun al Raschil, or something like that. He not only wasted my time, but his own as well. When my husband came home the two of them sat out on the porch in a drizzling rain and talked for hours about a Russia lion and a man whose name sounds like a biscuit factory.

"I don't see why men can't do their work without talking all the time. I'm sure I'd never get my housework done if I talked continually, as men do. A while ago a man came out to paint the woodwork in the kitchen, and he sat up on top of a stepladder a whole afternoon trying to prove that nobody has ever been within a hundred miles of the North Pole. I wanted to tell him that he wasn't hired to lecture on Artic explorations, but I couldn't get in a word edgeways, and he talked until he had some sort of convulsion and fell off the stepladder and covered everything in the kitchen with pink paint. They took him to the hospital.

"Another man came out here to wash the buggy. I

don't understand how it is, but my husband always seems to run against silver-tongued orators when he is looking for men to do little chores around the house. Well, this man just wore a path from the buggy shed to the back door. First he ran up here so excited I thought the house must be on fire to ask if I knew that one of the spokes in the off hind wheel of the buggy was cracked, and when I told him I didn't know and didn't care he stood here explaining that we took our lives in our hands every time we went riding in that buggy.

"He said that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, and a buggy might be sound and serviceable in every other respect, but if it had a cracked spoke it was simply a mantrap. I don't doubt that he was right; in fact, I'm sure he was right, for the very next time we went buggy riding that wheel collapsed, and my Aunt Harriet, who was visiting us at the time, landed on her head at the side of the road, where there was a great deal of stagnant water, and she really was a sight to be seen, and I can scarcely blame her for feeling offended and insisting upon leaving for home that night.

"But the point is that the man wasn't hired to stand at the back door talking about buggies with cracked wheels, and chains with weak links, and such rubbish as that. He was hired to wash buggies. And now you come here to whitewash the fence—"

"No, ma'am; I came to clean the yard, and if you'll tell me where the rake is—"

"Why couldn't you say that at the beginning? Here you've wasted an hour of precious time talking about foolish things when you should have been raking!"—Chicago News.

WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

With klingle, klangle, klingle,
Far down the dusty dingle,
The cows are coming home;
Now sweet and clear, now faint and low,
The airy tinklings come and go,
Like chimings from the far-off tower,
Or patterings of an April shower
That makes the daisies grow;
Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolinglelingle,
Far down the darkening dingle,
The cows come slowly home.

And old-time friends, and twilight plays,
And starry nights and sunny days,
Come trooping up the misty ways
When the cows come home.
With jingle, jangle, jingle,
Soft tones that sweetly mingle—
The cows are coming home.

Malvine, and Pearl, and Florimel,
DeKamp, Red Rose and Gretchen Schell,
Queen Bess, and Sylph, and Spangled Sue.
Across the fields I hear her "loo-oo"
And clang her silver bell;
Go-ling, go-lang, golinglelingle,
With faint, far sounds that mingle,
The cows come slowly home.

And mother-songs of long-gone years,
And baby-joys and childish fears,
And youthful hopes and youthful tears,
When the cows come home,
With ringle, rangle, ringle,
By twos and threes and single.
The cows are coming home.

Through violet air we see the town,
And the summer sun a-sliding down,
And the maple in the hazel glade
Throws down the path a longer shade,
And the hills are growing brown;
To-ring, to-rang, toringlering!e,
By threes and fours and single,
The cows come slowly home.

The same sweet round of wordless psalm,
The same sweet June-day rest and calm,
The same sweet smell of buds and balm,
When the cows come home.
With tinkle, tankle, tinkle,
Through fern and periwinkle,
The cows are coming home.

A-loitering in the checkered stream,
Where the sun-rays g'ance and gleam,
Clarine, Peachbloom and Phoebe Phillis,
Stand knee-deep in the creamy lilies,
In a drowsy dream;
To-link, to-lank, tolinklelinkle,
O'er banks with buttercups a-twinkle,
The cows are coming slowly home.

And up through memory's deep ravine
Comes the brook's old song and its old-time sheen,
And the crescent of the silver queen,
When the cows come home.
With klingle, klangle, klingle,
With loo-oo, and moo-oo, and jingle,
The cows are coming home.

And over there on Merlin Hill,
Sounds the plaintive cry of the whippoorwill,
And the dewdrops lie on the tangled vines.
And over the poplars Venus shines,
And over the silent mill.
Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolinglelingle,
With ting-a-ling and jingle,
The cows come slowly home.

Let down the bars; let in the train
Of long-gone songs, and flowers, and rain;
For dear old times come back again,
When the cows come home.

—Agnes E. Mitchell.

TEACHING SICK FOLKS TO JUGGLE.

Speaking of conjuring, the allied art of juggling is one of the most amusing and valuable of diversions, especially to the sedentary. Many physicians become expert in juggling, but it is to their patients that it is most useful.

The bedridden, if they retain the use of their hands, may beguile many a weary hour in learning to keep three or four tennis balls in the air at once and in balancing sticks and other simple objects on the forefinger or on the chin.

For the brainworker who does not care for walking there is no better recreation. It has often occurred to us

that in cases where there is any reason to fear some form of paralysis the educating of disused cerebral, cerebellar and spinal centers by the rapid and complex movements required in juggling might serve to act as an efficient preventive.

We do not wish to claim too much for manual education of this kind, but we may point out that it tends to perfect nervous poise, and that no juggling trick can be properly done if the performer indulges in dissipation even so mild as beer and cigarettes.—American Medicine.

Our Young People

THE TOUR OF A SMILE.

My papa smiled this morning when
He came downstairs, you see,
At mamma; and when he smiled, then
She turned and smiled at me;
And when she smiled at me, I went
And smiled at Mary Ann
Out in the kitchen; and she lent
It to the hired man.

So then he smiled at some one whom
He saw when going by,
Who also smiled, and ere he knew
Had twinkles in his eye;
So he went to his office then
And smiled right at his clerk,
Who put some more ink on his pen
And smiled back from his work.

So when his clerk went home he smiled
Right at his wife, and she
Smiled over at their little child,
As happy as could be;
And then the little child, she took
The smile to school; and when
She smiled at teacher from her book,
Teacher smiled back again.

And then the teacher passed on one
To little James McBride,
Who couldn't get his lessons done.
No matter how he tried;
And Jamesy took it home and told
How teacher smiled at him
When he was tired, and didn't scold,
But said: "Don't worry, Jim."

And when I happened to be there
That very night to play,
His mother had a smile to spare.
Which came across my way;
And then I took it after a while
Back home, and mamma said:
"Here is that very selfsame smile
Come back with us to bed."

A LITTLE "SHOW OWL."

Peek-a-boo was a very happy little owl, living in a love'y wood where many others of his kind also dwelt. And during the long days Peek-a-boo slept, and during the long moonlight nights he waked and hooted and enjoyed life as does his wise kind.

Now, an owl is the bird of wisdom, so we are told. But one day all Peek-a-boo's wisdom was of no avail to him. There came strangers into the wood, big, long-legged strangers, who could see better by day than by night, and they came while Peek-a-boo slept on a limb of a shady tree. And they got hold of Peek-a-boo and carried him far away from his wood and his tree, and his own kind. Into a cage they put him, a little house made of strong wires, so that Peek-a-boo was a prisoner.

The next thing that Peek-a-boo knew he was in a dingy shop, his heart breaking. And there, in the show window of that dingy shop, he was displayed for sale. All day—when he most loved to seek a shady spot in his tree, and to sleep, he was under the glaring light that poured in through the window and countless eyes—human eyes—peered in at him. And strange sounds mingled with the strange sights made him afraid. And little would he eat for ever and ever so long a time. But gradually starvation overcame him, and he began to devour the bits of raw meat thrown to him, but without relish.

The truth is, Peek-a-boo was a wise little owl, and he hoped to be able some day to break from his prison and to wing his way to his beloved home in the sweet, wild wood, where, among his own kind once more, he would live the life intended by the Creator of all things that he should live. So, in order to keep strength, he ate of the food given to him.

And then, one day, came a man to the window. And he paused and looked in at Peek-a-boo, "Ah, that would be a good advertisement for my store," said the young man to himself. "I'll go in and price the fellow." So into the bird and dog and small animal shop went the young man, and after a little he came out again, carrying in his hand the cage which held poor Peek-a-boo.

Down the street he hurried, and pretty soon Peek-a-boo beheld a great big place with pictures of owls over the door. And a huge stuffed owl stood on a shelf in the window, and the place was called "The Owl Shop." It was a small shop of some kind where goods were sold. As for the kind of goods, that didn't matter to Peek-a-boo. It only mattered that his heart was still very, very sad, and his homesickness was getting the better of him.

In the owl shop were many clerks, among them a boy who had a certain sympathy for prisoners. His father had been sent to prison on a false charge, and the boy's life had been made very unhappy over it, and his mother's heart had been broken and their home destroyed, all by the false charges against the innocent husband and father. But the boy still worked to support his mother and himself, though his heart was heavy. And when Peek-a-boo was brought in that day and his cage hung in the window to attract customers' attention, he felt sorry for him. "Another innocent prisoner," said the boy. "Poor litle bird, what has he ever done that he should be deprived of his liberty? I feel so sorry for him, and if I can, I shall liberate him."

But the days passed and passed, and still little Peek-a-boo remained in prison, an object of pity truly. One day a lot of other little owls were brought into the shop, and four of them put into the cage beside Peek-a-boo. One was placed in either corner. But they were not live owls; they were just toy owls. Oh, the misery of this to Peek-a-boo!

When he first saw the litle owls put into his prison he

thought them alive, and a great leap of joy came into his little body. But the instant he touched one of them the truth came to him like a blow. They were not like his feathered friends of the wood. And so he sat and looked down upon the toy things day after day, and they, poor, inanimate things, sat and stared—without seeing into the out-of-doors. And people came along and laughed to see four toy owls that resembled so closely the one real owl that moved and batted his poor eyes.

One of the worst trials which Peek-a-boo had to suffer was the constant electric light that shone in his face all night and the strong sunlight which poured in all day. He never had any darkness, and you know that all creatures need a certain amount of darkness. If it had not been so, our all-wise Creator would not have given us the night. So, Peek-a-boo was robbed of one of the things most necessary to his being, the darkness of night.

And all the time, the boy clerk was watching poor Peek-a-boo. And he could read in the little owl's big, solemn eyes the story of the heartbreaking, his longing, his longing to be free again. And day by day the boy wondered how it could be planned to get him away.

But a very happy day was in store for the boy. One evening when he went home his mother ran to greet him, laughing and weeping for very joy. His father had been pardoned from the prison. The guilty man had confessed on his death-bed to the crime his father was being punished for, and now all would be happiness again. The father would return to them within a few days, and he had written to say that they would all go far, far away and begin life all over again.

Oh, what a happy day this was for the boy! But on the following morning, as he entered the shop, the eyes, solemn and sad, of little Peek-a-boo, looked at him, and they seemed to say: "When you are gone I shall have no friend in the world!" And the boy decided he must let Peek-a-boo out of prison before he went to his own happiness.

That Saturday his week would be finished, and he would give notice to his employer that he would work for him no longer, as he was going with his parents to another town far distant. So he decided upon a plan. He wrote an appealing note to his employer, begging him to set Peek-a-boo free, to let him, the boy, carry him back to the woods where he belonged. He offered as payment for the owl his weekly wage of ten dollars.

The note was writen from the very depths of his sympathetic heart, and when the employer read it he was deeply touched. Maybe, after all, it was not right to keep the little owl in prison. And he set to thinking seriously, and when the boy asked for his answer concerning Peek-a-boo, he said: "Jones, you are an unusual boy. I feel that you are right. Perhaps your own deep sorrow has made you more alive to the sorrow of other creatures. I will allow you to take Peek-a-boo to the woods and turn him loose. The stuffed owl and the little artificial ones will do for show-window purposes. And—never mind about the price you offered me to liberate the bird. You have earned your money, and I could not sell the owl's liberty to you. You need the money for yourself and mother. But I can afford to lose the amount I paid for the bird—if I may call it lost. In the end I think I shall be gaining something—the lesson of mercy and justice."

The boy's face was so full of happiness that it was a good sight to behold, and for the first time during their business association the employer grasped the clerk's hand and shook it warmly. "You'll get on in the world all right, young fellow," he said. "One who wants to let live as well as live will have friends everywhere he goes. Good luck to you, Jones, and good luck to little Peek-a-boo, and may he find his family—wherever they are. You may take him to the woods whenever you care to."

The boy took down the cage, and, happier than he thought it possible to be, he walked bravely out of the shop. And at home he found his father waiting for him. And the reunion at his home that night was too sacred for us to look in upon. And in the darkness of a little room Peek-a-boo rested, enjoying the black shadows of night, and feeling, in his wise little head, that tomorrow all would be well again for him. And it was.—Washington Star.

APPLE PROBLEM FOR THE BOYS.

The Washington Post declares that half the members of the House of Representatives busied themselves during a leisure hour, over the following problem given them by a New Jersey representative:

A man who had three sons called them together, and told them that he proposed to make a disposition of his property. He said that he had 150 apples, of which he would give 15 to his youngest son, 50 to his second son and 85 to his eldest son.

"Now," he said," I want you to go out and sell these apples at the same price, and yet each of you bring me the same amount of money, and the eldest must fix the price."

When the congressmen heard this problem they laughed as if they were being imposed upon.

"It cannot be done," said one.

"Is it a sell?" asked another.

"Nothing but the sell of the apples," responded the propounder.

With this assurance the statesmen began to work. For a quarter of an hour they figured, and they they gave it up.

"Well," said the representative, "the boys went out on the street, and the youngest son met a man who asked him what he would sell his apples for.

" 'You must go to my eldest brother,' said the boy, and the man did as he was told.

" 'I will sell you my apples for one cent a dozen,' said the eldest brother. So he sold 84 of his apples for 7 cents, and had one apple left, while the youngest boy sold 12 of his apples for one cent and had three remaining.

"It was then very easy to comply with their father's requirements. The eldest son fixed a price of 3 cents apiece for each of the apples left over. He sold his remaining one for 3 cents and had 10 cents; the second boy sold four dozen of his 50 apples for 4 cents, and the remaining two at 3 cents each, and had also 10 cents; while the youngest brother sold his remaining three apples for 9 cents, which, added to the one he already had, gave him 10 cents.

"So the three boys complied with their father's conditions, and each carried home the same amount of money."

Don't fail to observe the slight difference between temper and tempter.

Don't impugn a man's motives simply because he does not think as you do.

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THE FELLOW WHO DOESN'T CARE.

"We try to make every member of our class an optimist," declared Professor Harry Thorne, teacher of one of the largest men's Bible classes in the city of Portland, when addressing the guests at a recent "Red Button Banquet." "But we make them optimists of the right sort. There are some people, you know, who think that an optimist is the fellow who doesn't care what happens so long as it does not happen to him. Get very many such optimists as that in your class and it will strike the rocks of failure in a very short time."

As Mr. Thorne pointed out, the optimist is the fellow who does care; and the more of them you can get in your class the more successful will the class be. The optimistic member is not altogether a happy-go-lucky fellow. He will not whine, nor complain, nor "back kick" when discouragements come; he will not make all sorts of excuses when asked to serve on a committee; he will not sort out the easiest tasks; but he will meet everything with a smile, and to do everything given him to do as if the success, the very life of the class depended upon it.

"Smile and boost" is the slogan of a class of optimistic men out West. The member who smiles and boosts "does care." He is imbued with the genuine spirit of doing things. He wants his class to succeed. He is proud of it—infinitely proud of it—and whether it is a rally session or a regular meeting, a monthly class social or a grand annual banquet, his desire, his earnest effort is to make it a "big go." He feels it keenly whenever a mistake occurs, when things are not at their best, when the class session was not what it should have been. But he does not whine. He "does care." He uses the mistake, the error, or the failure as a fitting time to make a new decision for better work, more earnest, zealous and consecrated effort.

Perhaps you have been calling yourself an optimist. If so, ask yourself if you "care." It is all right to smile, but it is better to follow the laugh with a boost.—Dennis H. Stovall, in the Adult Bible Class Monthly.

LEARN TO KEEP HOUSE.

Beautiful maiden, pause ere you wed—
Learn to boil coffee, learn to bake bread;
Learn, oh, sweet girl, that one road to man's heart
Lies through his stomach—they are not far apart.
He loves your sweet face, he praises your eyes,
Has a tooth for your puddings, dotes on your pies.
Then, beautiful maiden, be sure ere you wed
That you learn to make coffee, learn to bake bread. —Selected.

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PAPER

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"So the authorities have decided a man's home is where he mostly sleeps have they?" asked Mrs. Getathim, with a glare at her hapless spouse.

"They have, my dear," he replied meekly.

"Then the next time you go to register, give the church as your home," she said, with an emphasis not to be mistaken by a guilty, cowering soul.—Baltimore American.